Sir Brice surprises them and asks with a sneer if Remon has come for payment of the money owed him. The quick interchange of accusations ends in a proposition from the baronet that Remon cut the cards with him—Dulcie and the child against the £200,000. They do it. Dulcie looks on. Remon loses once, wins once, wins twice. It was best two out of three.

Apparently the problem was insoluble. The last act shows Dulcie and Remon in his observatory, to which he has borne his winning. He has the woman at last—or thought so. But Dulcie has regained her self-control. "I love you," she says; "I am your slave. Take me, if you will; but kill me after. If you don't I shall kill myself." Remon can only moan, "I have loved you so long!" The sister, the good angel, appears and saves them both. "You have made many sacrifices, Remon; make one more. Keep her pure for her child." Remon departs for Sierre Leone to observe the transit of Venus.

Henry Miller will play the dreaming astronomer, while to William Faversham will be intrusted the difficult rôle of the cynical, drink-sodden Baronet. Viola Allen will act Dulcie Larondie. Elsie de Wolfe is to portray an intensely modern young society woman, and Alice Fischer will be the good sister. Others in the cast are J. E. Dodson, W. H. Crompton, Robert Edeson, and Joseph Humphreys.

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An event that would be notable even in a week with more dramatic novelties than this one, which has not a few, is the return to New-York of Rose Coghlan, who is always sure of a cordial welcome here, and always sure to deserve it. Her present engagement at the Star Theatre is a short one, lasting only till Saturday night. She will appear in a new play whose title is "To Nemesis; or, Love and Hate," and whose author is Mrs. Romualdo Pacheco. It will be produced under Miss Coghlan's own direction and by an excellent company, which, besides herself, includes Frederic de Belleville, Henry Jewett, Cecil M. York, J. W. Shannon, Mason Mitchell, and Franklyn Roberts, and Effie Shannon, Hattie Russell, Maxine Elliott, Ida von Trautman, Blanche Burton, and Gertrude Elsmere.

The play is in four acts. It tells the story of a young girl who, while living in the Alps, falls in love with a young nobleman, and is persuaded by him to consent to a secret marriage. Trusting the man fully, she accompanies him to Paris. There he places her in a charming house, but makes the difference of their station an excuse for not fulfilling his promise of marriage. She leaves him at last, and returns home, only to find the door closed against her. After wandering back to Paris, the girl falls ill, and for almost a year is in a hospital. There she meets a wealthy Russian Countess, who takes her to Russia, adopts her, and, dying, bequeaths to her a great estate. Under the name of Mlle. Walanoff, which was that of her benefactress, the girl again meets in Paris the young nobleman. He falls desperately in love with her, proposes marriage, and is accepted.

The wedding takes place, but when, after the guests have departed, the Marquis attempts to embrace his bride, she repulses him, tells the story of her life, ruined by him, and declares her determination to avenge, by abandoning him at once, the death of her parents, whom a daughter's shame had killed, and her own twelve years of martyrdom. She leaves the house, and a suitor whom she had discarded seizes the opportunity to insult the Marquis. A duel in the forest of St. Cloud next morning is the consequence.

The Marquise learns of the duel, finds that the hatred she thought she had for the Marquis was really love, and hastens to the scene. She stops the combat, and a reconciliation takes place. There is a subplot of a Russian in love with Mlle. Walanoff, a young pair of lovers, an American doctor, a stuttering Englishman, two fashionable French ladies, an English woman, and several other important characters.

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Virtue and vice will have a fine, old-fashioned catch-as-catch-can encounter to-morrow night at the Academy of Music, where "The Cotton King," a thrilling melodrama, just imported from London, will have its first New-York performance, and where it is expected to duplicate the success it made in the British capital. That such will be its fortune seems likely enough, for during the progress of the play many soul-harrowing crimes are committed, numberless deeds implacably heroic are accomplished, the machinery of a mill in full operation is shown, and an elevator, vice the circular saw and the pile-driver, retired, comes within an inch and a half of crushing beyond any hopes of subsequent identification as lovely a Young Being as ever was the object of a villain's wiles.

Nor need anybody who goes to the Academy view with suspicion the fact that an American is the hero and an Englishman the base plotter in "The Cotton King." The piece has not been changed. That is the way Mr. Sutton Vane wrote it—possibly with a view to transoceanic effectiveness, but in this era of good feeling probably even that suggestion is altogether gratuitous. Anyhow, here is the story:

Jack Osborn, after successfully breaking a "corner" in cotton over here, went to England and invested his fortune in some mills at Ashton and his affections in the heart of Hetty Drayson. His closest friend, Stockley by name, proceeds to oust him from both positions. First he alters a dispatch by which Osborn orders his brokers to "sell," and make it read "buy." Financial ruin results. He changes some bank bills in a safe, and Osborn is more than suspected of being a thief. He arranges an interview between Osborn and an "unfortunate," which Hetty, observing from a distance, takes as proof that her lover is false. The mill hands, incited by the scheming Stockley, attempt to slaughter the supposed betrayer of unfortunate Elsie, but the latter explains things and he escapes, so far as that part of the plot goes. Things have become so warm and mixed, however, that Osborn departs for America, to engineer another corner, doubtless. Stockley remains in charge of the mill and Hetty. To secure the girl's property he finds himself obliged to either kill or marry her. He attempts each in alternation several times, but always fails. Even the elevator, under which he pushes her, makes a failure of the job, smallpox fails to infect her, and, at last Osborn, who has found America quite as warm and mixed as England, and experienced there thugs and insane asylums as incidents of his contest for a new fortune, comes back, straightens everything out, has Stockley arrested, marries Hetty, and takes care of Elsie.

There are some servants who aspire to the variety stage and—but we all know that means, "Let's practice our song and dance" and interjected specialties. There are five acts, eight scenes, endless scenery, and a cast that includes Eben Plympton, Dominick Murray, Cuyler Hastings, Edward See, Dan Collyer, J. W. Davenport, E. H. Bender, May Wheeler, Mrs. Selden Irwin, Amelia Summerville, Bijou Fernandez, and Payson Graham.

NEW BILLS OF THE WEEK.

"The Masqueraders," "To Nemesis," and "The Cotton King" to be Seen.

Another picture of English society as seen by Henry Arthur Jones will be on view at the Empire Theatre, this week, and if London's comment may be trusted, New-York is going to be both interested and moved by the spectacle. "The Masqueraders" is the name Mr. Jones has given to his work, and in it he deals with a curious, though not particularly novel, social problem—that presented for solution when a good woman is married to a scoundrel and loves another man, by whom she, in turn, is passionately loved.

The rising curtain will disclose the courtyard of a hotel at Crandover during the annual Hunt ball. Thirsty dancers throng about a window of the bar parlor, at which stands Dulcie Larondie, dispensing drinks and smiles. Dulcie and her sister are of good birth, orphans and penniless. The sister has become a hospital nurse; Dulcie, after an experience as governess, is barmaid at the Stag. Among the men that flirt with her are Sir Brice Skene, who is rich, and David Remon, an amateur astronomer with £2,000. A subscription list hangs in the yard. Somebody suggests that Dulcie offer a kiss at auction and give what it brings to the charity. The bids come fast. Soon Remon's £2,000 is offered. Skene raises the amount by a third, kisses Dulcie, and as he does so, proposes marriage and is accepted. She leaves the bar, changes her dress, mingles with the guests and finds an opportunity to kiss Remon—for nothing.

The second act shows Dulcie in society, surrounded by people hollow-hearted and fashionable, who talk smartly, in epigram and paradox. Her marriage has proved a failure. Sir Brice has drunk and gambled his money all away. He bids his wife get more money, somehow, from anybody—from Remon, who has inherited £200,000. She confesses that she loves the astronomer, has always loved him, and refuses. Remon overhears her and places his bank account at her disposal.

Another hotel, at Nice. The Skenes have been living on Remon's bounty for months, but Dulcie at last refuses to be any longer a party to this arrangement. Sir Brice threatens to take away her child. Remon finds her, desperate at last, and for the moment reckless. He takes her in his arms.